

The President's Message.

The President's Message was delivered to Congress last Monday, that being the first day of the regular session. The document is pretty lengthy and starts out with a congratulatory note to his "fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives" on the wealth, peace and prosperity that now bless the country. He then enumerates the manifold good results of the policy of pacification, and expresses his determination to continue the good work. He intends that all means in his power to protect the lately emancipated race in all their rights and privileges under the Constitution, shall be extended in their behalf, and urges "upon those to whom he is indebted the colored people have sustained the relation of bondmen, the wisdom and justice of human and liberal legal legislation with respect to their educational and general welfare, a firm adherence to the laws, both national and State, as to the civil and political rights of the colored people now advanced to full and equal citizenship. The immediate repression and sure punishment by the national and local authorities, within their respective jurisdiction, of every instance of lawlessness and violence toward them is required for the security alike of both races, and justly demanded by the public opinion of the country and the age."

He is opposed to the repeal of the Resumption Act, and regards as pre-eminent the policy and measures which are designed to secure the restoration of the currency "to that normal and healthful condition in which by the resumption of specie payment our internal trade and foreign commerce may be brought into harmony with the system of exchange which is based upon the precious metals as the intrinsic money of the world in the public judgment." He is more than ever of the opinion that no legislation would be wise that should disparage the importance or retard the attainment of the result expected by the resumption of specie payment. He pretends that the good of an unvaried currency will be to the poor, while the rich and speculative will lose their profits by the fluctuations in the value of greenbacks.

The coinage of silver next occupies his attention, and to it he devotes considerable space. He thinks that "any expectation of a temporary ease from an issue of silver coinage to pass as a legal-tender at a rate materially above its commercial value is, I am persuaded a delusion;" and to pay any of the public debt which has been created since February 12th, 1873, in anything but gold coin is a violation of trust that will bring injury to the credit of the government, and respectfully recommends to Congress that in any legislation providing for a silver coinage and imparting to it the quality of legal-tender, there be represented in the measure a firm provision exempting the public debt heretofore issued and now outstanding from the payment, either of principal or interest, in any coinage of less value than the present gold coinage of the country.

He offers several suggestions on the revenue; among them a tax of two cents per pound on coffee and ten cents on tea. This, he says, will produce about twelve millions per annum, and allow the removal of taxes from all other articles except tobacco, spirits and malt liquors. He recommends changes in the laws to prevent the great amount of fraud now practiced. In regard to Civil Service he is anxious for an emphatic reform, and recommends the establishment of a commission to secure efficient methods in that direction. He recognizes the public advantage of making all nominations as nearly as possible impersonal, in the sense of being free from mere caprice or favor. In these directions and in those offices in which special training is of greatly increased value, he claims that such a rule as to the tenure of office should obtain as may induce men of proper qualifications to apply themselves industriously to the task of becoming proficient. He next speaks of the peaceful relations between the United States and Foreign powers, and of Mexico speaks as follows: "While I do not anticipate the interruption of friendly relations with Mexico, yet I can not but look with some solicitude upon a continuance of border disorders, as exposing the two countries to the emotions of popular feeling and the mischievous action, which are usually unfavorable to complete amity. I firmly determined, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to promote a good understanding between the two nations, I yet must ask the attention of Congress to the actual occurrences on the border, that the lives and property of our citizens may be adequately protected and peace preserved."

He congratulates the officers and soldiers of the army in the successful prosecution of the war against the Indians, and in the restoration of order among the rioters last July, when they acted with great prudence and courage in the discharge of a delicate

duty. Like the *Courier-Journal*, he is opposed to a reduction of the strength of the army.

As to Indian affairs, he thinks that a great deal of the trouble between the government and them is traceable to the failure of the government to perform its promise, and by acts of injustice on our part. He suggests the propriety of making citizens out of good Indians that can show that they have supported their families for a number of years, and that every encouragement be held out to them looking to the improvement of their condition.

Reference to other minor matters is made, the Message closing with a strong plea for popular Education: "It is encouraging to observe," he says, "in connection with the growth of fraternal feeling in those States in which slavery formerly existed, evidences of increasing interest in universal education, and I shall be glad to give my approval to any appropriate measures which may be enacted by Congress for the purpose of supplementing with national aid the local system of education in these States, and all the States."

The message on the whole is an able State paper, but the people of the South and West have nothing but bankruptcy to look forward to if his abominable views on finance and currency are carried out. Hayes belongs to the money power and is joined to his idols.

BRIEFS.—The Legislature of Virginia is in regular, and that of Tennessee in extraordinary, session. The new constitution carried in Georgia by 20,000 majority. The Turks have captured Elena, with 11 guns, 20 ammunition wagons and 600 prisoners. The Russian loss is estimated at 3000 killed and wounded. Justice Humphreys has decided that Patterson's privileges as a member of the Senate secures him from the requisition of Gov. Hampton. Smalls has given bail in \$30,000 and taken his case to the Supreme Court.

WHEN EUSTIS, (Dem.) of Louisiana, is admitted to his seat in the Senate, as it is assumed that he will be, it will then stand thirty-nine Republicans to thirty-seven Democrats, the latter including Senator Davis, of Illinois. Eustis' admission will complete the filling of every seat in the Senate, a thing that has not been known before since the Southern Senators withdrew in 1861.

SATURDAY LAST at 2:10, A. M., Butler, of South Carolina, and Kellogg, of Louisiana, were sworn in as Senators. The infamy of seating Kellogg will redound to the injury of the Republican party, that is, if anything can injure that decrepit and fast-decaying institution. But, it is another short lease on life to the men who are now catching at straws.

The *Courier-Journal* finding itself entirely unable to answer our arguments on the "Police Army" question, retired in disgust and went to counting the number of words in Hayes' Message. The heart of the public will beat easier to know that there are 13,000.

THERE is a colored woman in London, Ky., who spits out snakes and other reptiles measuring as long as eight or nine inches. The colored population are frightened, and believe that the woman is possessed of the devil.

THE German National Bank, of Chicago, the National Trust Company of New York, and the Peoples' Bank of Winchester, Ill., suspended yesterday, and yet Hayes adheres to the resumption bill.

THERE is good reason to believe that the C. S. R. R. will be completed to Crook's coal mines, in Pulaski, a distance of seventeen miles. The Common Carrier Company agrees to do it for \$141,126 75.

A FIEND in human shape at Cleveland, O., shot ten balls into the body of a prostitute who refused to marry him. He is in jail, and says he has no regrets that he did the terrible deed.

HON. WM. ALLEN has published in card in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* emphatically refusing to be a candidate for senatorial honors. Gentleman George is therefore the coming man.

IT is feared that Sam Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, and one of the leading men of country, is at the point of death, with no hope of recovery.

TO compete with the C. S. R. R. the Kentucky Central has put on an extra passenger train that makes the trip between Lexington and Cincinnati in four hours.

DURING the month of November two million twenty-six thousand, four hundred pieces of silver were coined. Value \$1,011,600. No gold or nickel was coined.

GEN. JNO. M. HARLAN has at last been confirmed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by the Senate, and will take his seat next Monday.

G. C. WHARTON has passed through the crucible, and is now United States Attorney for the District of Kentucky.

A MAN named Jas. Allen committed suicide at Burgin Station, this week, by taking morphine.

Some Press Comments on the Message.

The President's views on the silver issue will not please any section of the country. — [Atlanta Constitution.]

Mr. Hayes plainly shows that he is the bond-servant of the money kings, and that John Sherman is his keeper. — [Kansas City Times.]

The President stands like a wall of adamant between threatened financial chaos and the nation's credit and hope of renewed prosperity. — [Chicago Journal.]

Take the message throughout it will be regarded, with the exception of the Southern policy part, as sound in sentiment and plain and practical in tone. — [Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.]

The people can expect nothing from this Administration for the present, but a continuance in the policy of the Wall-street wreckers and sharks; but before a year elapses Mr. Hayes will dance to different music. — [Pittsburgh Post.]

If the first nine months of Mr. Hayes' administration are a sample of the whole, he will be known to history as the weakest, the most vacillating, the most unfortunate and unsuccessful President who, up to this time, has ever held that important office. — [N. Y. Herald.]

The President cannot expect and will not receive Western support in the stand he has taken upon the silver question. He has had time to study the temper of the people, and upon that point has cast his lot with those who desire to continue the fraud of 1873. — [Chicago Post.]

The message can not fail to prove a sad disappointment to the great majority of the people of the United States, in regard to the two questions which just now most deeply concern them. We refer, of course, to the repeal of the resumption act and the remonetization of silver as one of the coins of the Government. — [Knoxville Tribune.]

CADIZ COUNTY NEWS.

December 4, 1877.

Middleburg.—Born on the 21st ult., to the wife of William Miller—a daughter.

Married.—On the 22d ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. B. F. Lawhorn, Mr. Joseph Hume to Miss Morgan.

Rev. Mr. McDonald returned from Lexington last week, and preached at Mt. Olive yesterday. Mr. Henry Royalty returned to his home in Warren county, last week. Mr. George E. Stone, came over from Somerset last week to attend Circuit Court. Dr. James Williams has moved to his farm on the Trace Fork. Mr. Hudson of Lancaster, has moved into the house lately occupied by Dr. Williams, and has opened a blacksmith shop at Daniel's old stand. Several of our stock dealers went to Stanford today.

There are several cases of measles in town, and several other cases expected soon.

Coffey & Bryant shipped a small lot of hogs to Cincinnati last week.

The meeting at the Baptist Church closed last week. Eight persons united with the church during the meeting, six of whom were baptized in the river at this place last Friday.

Robert Staton's house with all its contents, consisting of furniture, clothing and about 800 pounds of bacon, was burned last week. It is not known how the fire originated, though it is thought to be the work of an incendiary. Mr. S. is a very poor man and we regret his misfortune.

BOYLE COUNTY NEWS.

December 5, 1877.

The few days of cold weather last week afforded the lovers of the sport an opportunity for skating.

Last Saturday night a negro named Lee Pelties was arrested for forging an order to the amount of \$2 50.

A lot of boys, twenty in number, "got up" a handing match last Thursday. They divided into two parties of ten each, the successful party to pay a forfeit in the shape of a sumptuous supper at Gisher & Bro's restaurant. Partridges only were to be counted. The side bearing off the palm succeeded in "bagging" 81 birds, and the other brought in 51. Frank Cheek and Will Rye are considered the "crack" shots of the party—the former bringing in 23 and the latter 20.

The services, preparatory to the communion of the 1st Presbyterian Church, were conducted on last Friday evening and Saturday morning by the Rev. Mr. Chisholm, of Harrodsburg.

Miss Judith Guest, who is attending school in Lexington, returned home last Wednesday in order to spend a few days.

Miss Maggie Robinson, fifty called the "White Dove," has again been making a pleasant visit.

Miss Mary Shields, a charming young lady from Columbia, Mo., is visiting the family of Mr. Rowland.

Severe—A young man named Long, a carpenter by trade, committed suicide by taking laudanum Monday night last. His condition was discovered about half past 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. Physicians were immediately summoned, but the poison had been in his system several hours, and it was impossible to eradicate its effects. He died about 12 o'clock the same morning. We did not learn the incidents which prompted him to the act.

NOTICE.

A Meeting of the Stockholders of the Farmers National Bank of Stanford, Ky., will be held in the office of said Bank on

Second Tuesday in January, 1878, for the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year.

J. M. OWLEY, Cashier.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. X. L.

CASH STORE.

Cheapest Place in Town!

WINTER CLOTHING

A FINE ASSORTMENT

HEAVY KIP AND OALF

ROOTS AND SHOES

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,

Valises & Gents' Fur Goods.

WE ARE OFFERING

GREATER BARGAINS THAN EVER

Call the attention of the public

to the quality and price of our Goods, the same can be seen and learned by calling and examining. Remember the place.

HENRY COHEN, I. X. L. Cash Store, Opp. Myers' House.

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

Having just received a

LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED STOCK

FROM THE EAST.

We are prepared to sell Goods

Lower than any other House

IN TOWN.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the stand is

THE OLD POST OFFICE,

On Lancaster Street.

BACK AGAIN

IN THE

PHOTOGRAPH CAR

AND

READY FOR BUSINESS.

EVERY STYLE

PICTURES MADE AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

NOTHING BUT BEST WORK DONE.

COME AND SEE.

Respectfully.

O. M. WILLIAMS

No. 231 Main St., bet. Sixth & Seventh,

Louisville, Ky.

MEDICINE.



The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

For DYSPEPSIA, INDISTESTION, JAUNDICE, Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits, SORE THROAT, Heartburn, &c. This celebrated Liver Regulator is warranted to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE. containing those Southern Bile and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Disease most prevails. It cures all diseases caused by derangement of the Liver, or Gall.

The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth, pain in the back, sides or joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; constipation; loss of appetite; humors alternately rising and falling; headache; loss of memory; with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; loss of weight; a thick yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough often mistaken for consumption. Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, and if not regulated in time, great suffering, with rheumatism and death will ensue.

CAUTION. As there is a number of imitations offered to the public, we would caution the community to buy no Liver Regulator unless it is in a wrapper with Trade Mark, which is a Signature of the name of the proprietor, and is a Guarantee. None other is genuine.

We have tested this famous medicine and know that for dyspepsia, biliousness and rheumatism, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried every other remedy before Simmons' Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but this Regulator not only relieved but cured us. — [Ed. Telegraph and Messenger, March, 1876.]

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Price, 50c. Sold by all Druggists. (1877)

PROFESSIONAL.

LEE F. HUFFMAN,

SURGEON DENTIST!

Office below the F. O.

STANFORD, KY.

Having received his Mechanical Apparatus, is now prepared to do work in every branch of his business.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

inserted in the most approved style. 1877.

All communications promptly attended to.

1877.

NOTES.

A. F. MERRIMAN,

DENTAL SURGEON!

STANFORD, KENTUCKY

Office South Side of Main Corner of Depot Street

Will remain permanently at his office (unfortunately removed) to attend to those requiring his professional services. Particular attention paid to the preservation and regulation of the natural teeth. Remove from a distance resulting full or partial sets of teeth, can have them inserted in a few hours and in the latest and most beautiful style of the art.

Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required. All communications promptly attended to.

1877.

NOTES.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!

STANFORD, KY.

W. F. RAMSEY, Proprietor.

Having taken charge of this Hotel, he is prepared to accommodate his guests in the most comfortable and economical manner. He has also a stable in connection with the Hotel.

1877.

Accommodation for Drivers

Plenty of good haled Hay, and Corn, always on hand. Good water running through Stock lot. — Drivers stopping at this stand avoid the risk of losing their stock by remaining at the place. It is well prepared to entertain his old customers and the traveling public generally, and invites a liberal patronage of their patronage in his time.

Dec. 21, 1877.

CARSON HOUSE

R. CARSON, Proprietor.

Having leased the Bruce House, the undersigned is again before the public and solicits its patronage. His friends are aware of his capacity to keep a

1877.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

and he assures them that he will endeavor to maintain his reputation. He has the

1877.

BEST STABLE IN TOWN.

where horses will be kept at reasonable rates. Give him a call. (1877.)

1877.

THE MYERS HOUSE,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

James B. Owens,

PROPRIETOR.

Fare and Accommodations,

all that a Traveler

Could Wish.

Baggage Checked to and from Depot

Free of Charge.

1877.

WHAT A CURFE.

[Successors to Wheat & Chase.]

DENNIS & BASH

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Agents for Frankfort Union Mills.

No. 231 Main St., bet. Sixth & Seventh,

Louisville, Ky.

1877.

Old Stand, Main Street,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

We will keep on hand and build to order every description of vehicle in the carriage line. Repairing of all kinds done at low rates. 1877.

1877.

1877.

JOHN H. CRAIG,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS

AND MILLINERY GOODS,

MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

J. W. McALISTER, Special Partner.

We offer to the trade 500 pieces of Jeans and 5,000 pounds of Yarn at old prices.

Having made new additions to our Millinery Department, we will open it about Sept. 1st with a large and elegant stock for the fall and winter trade. It will be under management of Miss Annie L. Fisher, of Louisville.

DRESS-MAKING DEPARTMENT.—Miss Belle Hughes will continue to manage this Department with a full corps of competent Artists.

S. N. MATHENY, MERCHANT TAILOR MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.

FULL STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED—CONSISTING OF

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

VESTINGS, DIAGONAL AND SCOTCH SUITINGS.

Clothing cut in the latest style, and a perfect fit guaranteed. 1877.

ALEXANDER'S HOTEL,

NEW THRU-GHOUT.

REFITTED AND REFURNISHED IN ELEGANT STYLE.

Corner Market and Seventh Sts., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fare, \$2 per Day. Jo. B. ALEXANDER & Co., Prop'rs.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE IN LINCOLN CO.

VALUABLE HUSTONVILLE PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

4

AN ENDOCRINE STOCKING.

She was very pretty—but there came a time when I did not think I cared in the least for her beauty—her soul was so much more attractive than her body. She was a humble, well-bred, and a woman who had received a magnificent dower of blue blood, including talent and the highest attributes of character, and all that wealth could bestow upon her she possessed. She had the good fortune to have no singularity of nature, but all was a symmetrical and harmonious whole.

I loved her, and I possessed the humbleness of true love. The more intimately I knew her, she made me conscious of things that were mean in myself. Out of this feeling grew jealousy of other men.

A bitter jealousy. She was of too sunny and generous a temper to pick for flaws, nor could she know a man as other men knew him.

She could not understand that Dr. Crogre was irritable in private as he was suave and agreeable in public, and I would not tell her that Capt. Langdale seldom pays his debts. They were but two of her many admirers, but they were both handsome and shrewd than myself. In time, I was miserable on their account.

I cannot now, in cold blood, accuse her of coquetry; but Stephenie St. Jean was of French blood, on her father's side. Besides speaking that language perfectly, she had the French woman's secret of fascination. A trifle more in vivacity, when surrounded by gentlemen, made her utterly irresistible.

I saw and felt the charm, and could not content myself with the thought that in the quiet hours we passed together I knew myself dear to her. Many a winter evening had we sat together on the little velvet sofa before the drawing-room fire, secure from intrusion, her beautiful head resting on my breast, content in her eyes, happiness in her smile. And yet, when she was to be the proudest and most delicate of women, I was madly jealous of other men.

For months I would not see her alone. She was one of a large family, and she had a favorite cousin, Lily Lawton, who was her constant companion.

She was very young, and a bright, sweet little thing, but of late she had seemed drooping, as if out of health, and Stephenie had been unusually protective and kind.

For Stephenie's sake I often took Lily out to drive, though her excessive simplicity often bored me.

I could not but wonder that Stephenie, associated with her so constantly, had Lily worshiped her magnificent cousin, and the latter delighted in being kind to those weaker than herself. "Kitten," she called Lily, and there had been something especially kittenish in the girl's room, bright gray eyes, and playful graceful ways.

Her special charm was gone now. She was a pale, faded, spiritless little thing. Stephenie kept her constantly under her wing.

"Kitten must have green fields and pastures new," she said. "The May suns are getting strong, and I, too, long for a country trip. We are going to Brantville, and shall be absent a week. Mind you are a good boy till we come back."

I smiled, but on the wrong side of my face.

"A week? I murmured.

"A week and one day," she laughed.

"I shall be gray-headed when you come back," I said smiling at my own vexation.

She laughed more gaily than ever; then a shadow fell over her face.

"It is for Lily's sake," she whispered. "Look at her."

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay as they sat against the sunny window beyond, and playfully outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Capt. Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled backward out of the room and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some hunted thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unattractive things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed that I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie—lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God! what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gained, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Capt. Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I had never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason, and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her truth to me, but by word and look and sweet privilege she had accepted my love, and I had such other faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and truest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hazy light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untrusting as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never in this world mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her hair, and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me. It was a cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her feet she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle, and the tippet showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with black and white.

The dress and stocking, with its embroidery, were all of the same tint, and the whole costume revealed but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! it was Stephenie, peerless among women, and in heartless misery! The gray dawn gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in my window, its sweet breeze bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter.

"Stephenie—I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you may never know. Indulgent, yesterday, I heard you call your heart to you. I loved him. Then you did not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! how could you let me weep my heart out on the shoals of your mere useless liking? I was only a congenial friend, a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and yet—farewell!"

This passionate, impetuous letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is very cold down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting maids to my toilet?" I answered, with a dry attempt at a smile.

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be impatient, Pierre. We start on the 10 o'clock train."

Black Rocks was not frequented by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune House, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old-fashioned inn, not the least in the world like a miser's stable home.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay as they sat against the sunny window beyond, and playfully outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Capt. Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled backward out of the room and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some hunted thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unattractive things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed that I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie—lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God! what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gained, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Capt. Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I had never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason, and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her truth to me, but by word and look and sweet privilege she had accepted my love, and I had such other faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and truest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hazy light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untrusting as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never in this world mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her hair, and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me. It was a cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her feet she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle, and the tippet showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with black and white.

The dress and stocking, with its embroidery, were all of the same tint, and the whole costume revealed but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! it was Stephenie, peerless among women, and in heartless misery! The gray dawn gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in my window, its sweet breeze bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter.

"Stephenie—I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you may never know. Indulgent, yesterday, I heard you call your heart to you. I loved him. Then you did not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! how could you let me weep my heart out on the shoals of your mere useless liking? I was only a congenial friend, a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and yet—farewell!"

This passionate, impetuous letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is very cold down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting maids to my toilet?" I answered, with a dry attempt at a smile.

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be impatient, Pierre. We start on the 10 o'clock train."

Black Rocks was not frequented by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune House, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old-fashioned inn, not the least in the world like a miser's stable home.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay as they sat against the sunny window beyond, and playfully outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Capt. Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled backward out of the room and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some hunted thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unattractive things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed that I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie—lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God! what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gained, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Capt. Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I had never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason, and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her truth to me, but by word and look and sweet privilege she had accepted my love, and I had such other faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and truest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hazy light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untrusting as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never in this world mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her hair, and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me. It was a cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her feet she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle, and the tippet showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with black and white.

The dress and stocking, with its embroidery, were all of the same tint, and the whole costume revealed but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! it was Stephenie, peerless among women, and in heartless misery! The gray dawn gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in my window, its sweet breeze bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter.

"Stephenie—I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you may never know. Indulgent, yesterday, I heard you call your heart to you. I loved him. Then you did not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! how could you let me weep my heart out on the shoals of your mere useless liking? I was only a congenial friend, a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and yet—farewell!"

This passionate, impetuous letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is very cold down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting maids to my toilet?" I answered, with a dry attempt at a smile.

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be impatient, Pierre. We start on the 10 o'clock train."

Black Rocks was not frequented by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune House, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old-fashioned inn, not the least in the world like a miser's stable home.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay as they sat against the sunny window beyond, and playfully outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Capt. Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled backward out of the room and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some hunted thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unattractive things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed that I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie—lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God! what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gained, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Capt. Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I had never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason, and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her truth to me, but by word and look and sweet privilege she had accepted my love, and I had such other faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and truest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hazy light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untrusting as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never in this world mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her hair, and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me. It was a cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her feet she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle, and the tippet showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with black and white.

The dress and stocking, with its embroidery, were all of the same tint, and the whole costume revealed but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! it was Stephenie, peerless among women, and in heartless misery! The gray dawn gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in my window, its sweet breeze bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter.

"Stephenie—I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you may never know. Indulgent, yesterday, I heard you call your heart to you. I loved him. Then you did not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! how could you let me weep my heart out on the shoals of your mere useless liking? I was only a congenial friend, a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and yet—farewell!"

This passionate, impetuous letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is very cold down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting maids to my toilet?" I answered, with a dry attempt at a smile.

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be impatient, Pierre. We start on the 10 o'clock train."

Black Rocks was not frequented by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune House, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old-fashioned inn, not the least in the world like a miser's stable home.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay as they sat against the sunny window beyond, and playfully outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Capt. Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled backward out of the room and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some hunted thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unattractive things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed that I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie—lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God! what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gained, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Capt. Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I had never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason, and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her truth to me, but by word and look and sweet privilege she had accepted my love, and I had such other faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and truest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hazy light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untrusting as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never in this world mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her hair, and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me. It was a cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her feet she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle, and the tippet showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with black and white.

The dress and stocking, with its embroidery, were all of the same tint, and the whole costume revealed but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! it was Stephenie, peerless among women, and in heartless misery! The gray dawn gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in my window, its sweet breeze bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter.

"Stephenie—I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you may never know. Indulgent, yesterday, I heard you call your heart to you. I loved him. Then you did not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! how could you let me weep my heart out on the shoals of your mere useless liking? I was only a congenial friend, a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and yet—farewell!"

This passionate, impetuous letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is very cold down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting maids to my toilet?" I answered, with a dry attempt at a smile.

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be impatient, Pierre. We start on the 10 o'clock train."

Black Rocks was not frequented by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune House, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old-fashioned inn, not the least in the world like a miser's stable home.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay as they sat against the sunny window beyond, and playfully outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Capt. Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled backward out of the room and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some hunted thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unattractive things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed that I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie—lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God! what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gained, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Capt. Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I had never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason, and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her truth to me, but by word and look and sweet privilege she had accepted my love, and I had such other faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and truest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hazy light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untrusting as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never in this world mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her hair, and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me. It was a cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her feet she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle, and the tippet showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with black and white.

The dress and stocking, with its embroidery, were all of the same tint, and the whole costume revealed but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! it was Stephenie, peerless among women, and in heartless misery! The gray dawn gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in my window, its sweet breeze bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter.

"Stephenie—I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you may never know. Indulgent, yesterday, I heard you call your heart to you. I loved him. Then you did not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! how could you let me weep my heart out on the shoals of your mere useless liking? I was only a congenial friend, a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and yet—farewell!"

This passionate, impetuous letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is very cold down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting maids to my toilet?" I answered, with a dry attempt at a smile.